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FROM

W. S. Appleton, Jr.

The Napoleon Ballads,

BY BON GAULTIER.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH

NEW-YORK:
GEO. P. PUTNAM, 10 PARK PLACE.
LONDON: DAVID BOGUE, 86 FLEET ST.
AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL FRENCH BOOKSELLERS WHO HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR CAYENNE.
MDCCCLII.

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PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

The hitherto rare volume which has been here translated is supposed to have been privately printed at the Elysée.

It was intended for almost universal circulation, and in the original edition the following Decree was published on the fly-leaf:—

Louis Napoleon:
Prince President of the Republic.

Art. 1. Considering—That it is good for the people to read good poetry;

Art. 2. Considering that few people can write it;

Art. 3. Considering that he is one of the few, the Prince President has written the following work. Respecting which

It is Decreed—That any person within France found without a copy, warranted to have been duly paid for, shall be liable to summary trial and deportation, with the confiscation of all his goods and chattels.

Done at the Elysée, this first of April.

Louis Napoleon.

Countersigned,
De Maupas.

Almost immediately, however, after the publication, the Prince President changed his mind, and issued another Decree, denouncing

deportation against any one who should be found with a copy—duly warranted as having been paid for or not.

The consequence was the immediate disappearance of the whole edition.

Two copies only reached England. One is at the British Museum; but, in consequence of the haste being made with the Catalogue, Sir Henry Ellis has not yet had time to open the enclosure.

The other was sent, as a memento of old times, by the Prince President to a quondam friend of his, a billiard-marker in St. James's —who, being in reduced circumstances, at once brought it into the Literary market.

Such are the singular facts of the case. They may be as perfectly relied on as if they had appeared in the *Constitutionnel*, or even the *Moniteur*.

It may be remarked as unaccountable, that not a few of the following lyrics appear to reflect upon their author. But he, it is well to remember, is a very unaccountable person. Many readers would possibly not have expected such a style of effusion; but did they expect the *coup d'état*, or the Orleans confiscation? It is quite clear that, both in his poetry and in his politics, Louis Napoleon is not to be judged of by ordinary rules.

The fact that the poems and patriotic hymns are so frequently founded upon English models, is to be accounted for by the long residence of the Prince President in London.

Notes—sometimes by the author and sometimes by the translator —have been added where necessary, and it is hoped that the work will form a complete poetic mirror of Louis Napoleon's exploits and policy.

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OPINION OF THE PRESS.

From the "*Base Exception.*"

We consider the poems contained in this little volume to be the greatest literary achievement which the age has *accompli*. Leaning luxuriously back in our editorial boudoir, raising in happy *insouciance* our glazed *bottes* to the polished hobs, and lusciously inhaling the aroma of a critical cigar, we have *venu* to the conclusion that neither Byron nor Milton, although, *l'un et l'autre*, persons of some talent, could have written such stanzas as we here find struck off, amid the *bruit* and fracas of administrative life, by the pious, moderate, truth-loving, and mercy-inclining Prince who now rules in *La Belle France* a happy, a contented, and a prosperous *peuple*. Whether we contemplate the pure strain of morality inculcated, the lofty tone of political philosophy adopted, or the spirit-stirring march of the ballad poetry, which rouses the finest and noblest feelings of our nature *comme* a trumpet blast—we know no living poet who can be for a moment *placé* in competition with the Imperial Lyrist. The tears we have shed over the *malheurs* of Strasbourg and Boulogne are yet wet upon the costly *tapissérie* beneath us. The souvenirs of his Great Uncle, so exquisitely set forth, have penetrated to our very *ame*, and the magnificent *abandon* of the description of the *mitraillement* of the *canaille* on the Boulevard is worthy of the glorious subject. When,

deportation against any one who should be found with a copy—duly warranted as having been paid for or not.

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oh when, will the thrice-illustrious Lawgiver and Poet arrive in triumph at London, at the *tête* of 150,000 staunch French bayonets? We shall be curious to observe on that happy day the physiognomies of Anti-Corn law League men, and the low and vulgar democratic rabble. At last they will have got—what they have long needed—a Master. Until then, we shall console ourselves by reading and re-reading the exquisite effusions now *sous nos yeux*—the effusions, we repeat, of a man who is at once a patriot and a sage, and the morality of whose private life is as stainless as the integrity of his public policy.

TO MY UNCLE.

TO THE IMPERIAL SHADE WHO INSPIRED MY PEN,
WHOSE AUGUST INFLUENCE OVERSHADOWED ME,
WHOSE GRAND DESIGNS OVERAWED ME, AND
IN WHOSE BOOTS I FAIN WOULD TREAD—
TO
THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR OF THE "IDÉES NAPOLÉONIENNES,"
I Dedicate my Verse.

I FEEL THAT YOUR MANES DEMAND A POETIC SACRIFICE.
YOU WERE POETIC YOURSELF: YOU READ OSSIAN (IN THE ORIGINAL
GAELIC), AND SAW FORTY CENTURIES LOOKING DOWN
FROM THE TOP OF THE PYRAMIDS.
MAY OSSIAN AND THE FORTY CENTURIES HAVE INSPIRED ME.
UNCLE, AS YOU WERE WONT TO REVIEW THE HEROES
OF THE EMPIRE,
REVIEW MY VERSES.
I HAVE MARSHALLED THEM. THEY ARE PREPARED. THEY AWAIT
YOUR COMING. THEY AWAIT TO SALUTE YOU. FROM
EVERY PAGE RUSTLES UP THE HEART-STIR-
RING MURMUR OF "VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"
FOR FRANCE AND THE EMPEROR! FOR THE EMPEROR
AND FRANCE!
GLORY TO YOU—GLORY TO THEM—GLORY TO IT!
AUGUST SHADE—BROODING ABOVE THE ÉLYSÉE!
THE EAGLE OF FRANCE BENEATH CLAPS HIS WINGS AND
SCREAMS, AND THE NATIONS TREMBLE.
SMILE UPON YOUR EAGLE!
SMILE UPON YOUR NEPHEW!
THE EMPIRE IS RESTORED. THE "IDÉES NAPOLÉONIENNES"
RULE FRANCE.
REJOICE.
YOUR STAR BEAMS BRIGHT AS OVER AUSTERLITZ.
THE EAGLE HAILS THE TRICOLOR!

Idées Napoléoniennes.

The impossibility of translating this now well-known expression, (imperfectly rendered in a companion-work, "Ideas of Napoleonism,") will excuse the title and burden of the present ballad being left in the original French.—TRANSLATOR.

COME, listen all who wish to learn
How nations should be ruled,
From one who from his youth has been
In such-like matters school'd;
From one who knows the art to please,
Improve and govern men—
Eh bien! Ecoutez, aux Idées
Napoléoniennes!

To keep the mind intently fixed
On number One alone—
To look to no one's interest,
But push along your own,

Without the slightest reference
To how, or what, or when—
Eh bien! c'est la première Idée
Napoléonienne.

To make a friend, and use him well,
By which, of course, I mean
To use him up—until he's drain'd
Completely dry and clean
Of all that makes him useful, and
To kick him over then
Without remorse—*c'est une Idée*
Napoléonienne.

To sneak into a good man's house
With sham credentials penn'd—
To sneak into his heart and trust,
And seem his children's friend—
To learn his secrets, find out where
He keeps his keys—and then
To bone his spoons—*c'est une Idée*
Napoléonienne.

To gain your point in view—to wade
Through dirt, and slime, and blood—
To stoop to pick up what you want
Through any depth of mud.

But always in the fire to thrust
Some helpless cat's-paw, when
Your chestnuts burn—*c'est une Idée*
Napoléonienne.

To clutch and keep the lion's share—
To kill or drive away
The wolves, that you upon the lambs
May, unmolested, prey—
To keep a gang of jackals fierce
To guard and stock your den,
Whilst you lie down—*c'est une Idée*
Napoléonienne.

To bribe the base, to crush the good,
And bring them to their knees—
To stick at nothing, or to stick
At what or whom you please—
To stoop, to lie, to brag, to swear,
Forswear, and swear again—
To rise—*Ah! voià des Idées*
Napoléonienne.

The Eagle.

Of which Mr. Poe's poem of "The Raven" is a paraphrase—more free than welcome. The American author possibly appropriated the idea from having heard me mention the curious circumstance recorded, when he visited me in London. Poe was a sad scamp. By referring to his portrait, it will be found that he was not unlike me.—*Note by the Poet.*

ONCE in London—lone and dreary—as I pondered, slightly beery,
Over many a small account and bill with which one's tradesmen bore,
While I dreamt the Bench of knapping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some dun slily rapping, rapping at my garret door.
'Tis one of these same scamps, I muttered, tapping at my garret door.
'Tis a most confounded bore.

In that drear and dull November often dreamt I o'er the ember,
Of a certain hook-nosed member of the Jewish creed who bore
A writ—which made me fear the morrow—vainly having tried to borrow;
So I pined in fruitless sorrow, thinking of the Emperore—
Of that hero who, if living, would be safe to swell my store,
Than which I needed nothing more.

Feeling therefore quite reliant—I'd no tin to make him pliant,
That, as I was there—confiant—he would ope the chamber door;
Deep I pondered if, on slim knee, I could clamber up the chimney;
Thus escaping from his talons for a fortnight or so more;
If, indeed, I could not manage to attain another shore,
Leaving Levi to deplore.

But the chimney was so sooty, I preferred to be made booty,
Than to get all choked and smothered, and to rub my elbows sore;

So down I sternly flopped me in the easy chair
which stopped me;
And I said, at last, He's wopped me—and he 's
at my chamber door;
I'll be taken to the Bench, and out I'll never
come—no more;
When a voice croaked, " You're a bore."

Upon this I rose and hearkened—when, behold,
my window darkened,
As by some opaquish object which was never
there before;
" Surely," said I, " there is something—clearly,
too, a very rum thing,
For it's not at all a dumb thing, at the window,
not the door.
I wonder whether it can be a message from the
Emperore.
I never had one—not before."

Open, then, I flung the shutter—and, as sure as
bread's not butter,
In there stepped a fine gilt eagle—Eagle of the
Emperore;
Not a minute stay'd or stopped he—not a civil
word he dropped me;
But, with mien quite free and easy, perched above
my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Grisi just above my
garret door:
Perched and grinned, and nothing more.

Then, as this strange bird kept staring at me
with his eyes so glaring,
Till I'm sure there 's no declaring what I felt
upon that floor,
I cried unto the gilded eagle—"Who hath sent
thee like a beagle,
Not, I'm sure *selon les règles*, to this twice con-
founded shore?
Tell me, have you brought a token from the
awful Emperore?"
Quoth the Eagle, "You're a bore!"

Much I marvelled then, but mainly to hear him
speak so plainly ;
I mean as to the meaning which the words he
uttered bore :
For we cannot help agreeing that no living
human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing a bird above
his door,
Which replied to a plain question—plain and
civil—nothing more,
With the answer, " You're a bore."

Thus I sat engaged in thinking—like—I may
say, like winking,
Having wheeled a three-legged stool in front of
bird, and bust, and door ;
And musingly I wondered, as I pondered and I
pondered,
What a Fancier would give me to increase my
little store,
Could I catch and sell the Eagle who had called
my words a bore.
It might be less—it might be more.

At last I said, I'll try it—for there's some one,
sure, will buy it ;
And I won't stand all his riot, sitting there above
my door.

But hardly had I neared him—for, to tell the truth, I feared him,
When he bit my thumb confoundedly, and covered it with gore.
Which, pouring from my digits, stained the drugget on the floor,
But didn't do much damage more.

"Eagle!" cried I, "what the devil? Is this kind of conduct civil,
Coming using language evil—coolly calling me a bore?
If you have come for a treat here, you 'll not get an ounce of meat here."
And, in fact, I have a notion that I somehow rather swore;
But 'twas enough to make one—when, quoth the bird above the door,
"You have a great fate in store."

"Ha! what hear I?" cried I; "Eagle, do you prophesy things regal?
Do you say I shall be *égal* to the glorious Emperore?
Tell this soul with sorrow saddened, whether it will e'er be maddened
With a fate which yet it hadn't—hadn't ventured to implore?

Come here, Eagle—sit beside me ;" but it muttered, " Never more !'
Here's my place above the door."

And, since then, the Eagle 's sitting—never flitting—ever sitting,
Free and easy, upon Grisi, up above my palace door.
And it's ever me reminding how upon me it is binding
To pursue the system grinding—of the glorious Emperore.
And from that glorious system of the glorious Emperore,
I'll be parted—never more.

"The Chough and Crow to roost are Gone."

Altered, improved, and adapted, as sung at the Orgies of the Elysée by Messrs. de Maupas, de Morny, and the President, with great applause from the English M. P., and other guests.

BOTH Faith and Truth to pot are gone,
And Fear sits high in glee;
The gagged Press wails with stifled moan
Like dying Liberty.
Our spies work hard with tongue and pen,
Mark there our bayonet's ray;
So uprouse you all, my merry, merry men,
This is our time of day!
Uprouse you all, my merry, merry men,
This is the time of day!

Both Law and Right are fast asleep,
And crushed is every power,
Save those which mid the darkness sweep
High from th' Elysée tower.

And many a wight to far Cayenne
  Is on his weary way.
Uprouse you, then, my merry, merry men,
  For now's our time of day!
Uprouse you, then, my merry, merry men,
  For here's the time of day!

Nor oath,* nor promise own we now,
  Nor need we any door
To sneak out of the Holy Vow
  Which three years since I swore.
Noon is not for our thievish den,
  The night is grown our day;
Then uprouse you all, my merry, merry men,
  And use it as you may!
Uprouse you all, my merry, merry men,
  And use it as you may!

*The President takes the base part.

My Armada.

An improvement on the English historian, Macaulay.—*Note by the Poet.*

ATTEND, all ye who wish to hear your new Napoleon's praise,
He sings a deed he swears to do on—one of these fine days;
Avenging Frenchmen on the foe who (in a previous reign)
Walked into them at Waterloo, and walked them out of Spain.

'Twill be about—on second thoughts, I will not name the day—
When glorious France shall spring to arms at signal from her Bey;
And, eager to relieve herself of thirty years of bile,
Embark where rolls La Manche, 'twixt her and yon perfidious isle.

No law, no warning will she give to Albion's blustering race;
The bill she holds for vengeance due requires no days of grace.
The channel's crossed, the Thames is passed, no heed of bomb or ball,
The Holy Bayonets of France are mustering at Blackwall.
Many a light journalist prepares to render up the ghost,
And in loose grammar (Jeames's own) exults the *Morning Post.*

With its proud Eagles high in air, the conquering army comes,
Trafalgar Square is echoing now to my Elysian drums.
Around the Nelson column let us halt a little space,
For there behoves us to strike out a record of disgrace;
And busily the masons chip, and smashing go the shells,
As falls the insulting pillar with the legend that it tells.
Look, how the Lion of the Sea comes tumbling headlong down,

Crushing the flags—as was his wont in days of his renown!
Say, looked he so when thundering fierce, when Copenhagen reeled,
And her whole fleet, our choicest hope, he bade proud Denmark yield?
Say, looked he thus all helplessly, when in Trafalgar Bay
A waste of wrecks beneath his guns all France's navy lay?
Ho! strike the bronzes down to earth!—down, history, to the shades!
Ho! gunners, fire your battering balls! Ho! miners, ply your spades!
We'll have the cursed column down, that tells how Nelson died,
In scattering o'er the Atlantic deep the banners of our pride!

'Twas evening when the Nelson bronze upon the pavement rolled—
Ere morning every Frenchman's *sac* was stuffed with English gold.
Night sank upon the town of Lud (whoever he might be),
Such night old London never saw, nor e'er again shall see.

From Camberwell to Camden Town, from Kew to Ratcliffe Way,
That night was one of fight and fright, more dread than battle day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread—
High o'er the Serpentine it glared, o'er the New River Head;
And made its deadly presence known in each surrounding shire;
For, in a word, THE CONQUERING FRENCH HAD SET THE TOWN ON FIRE!

The banker left his gold untouched in Bramah's fire-proof caves,
The savings' bank (no new event) its hoard no longer saves;
O'er Barry's towers, o'er Wyatt's roofs, the fiery victor flew;
It roasted both the Service Clubs — the old and Junior U.
Right fierce the flames swept Lincoln's Inn, and did the lawyers brown;
And ere the day three hundred wigs were burned, with each a gown:
The Palace-sentinel could read by that terrific light
The maker's name engraved upon his clumsy gun that night;

And tugging at the stubborn cock, the worthless metal
broke,
And he cursed the jobbing Horse-Guards, and he died
amid the smoke!

And still at every compass-point up rose the furious fires,
And like red-hot extinguishers appeared the churches'
spires;
O'er all the batteries of the Tower the flames began to
peer,
And all the thousand masts of Thames were blazing far
and near.
Then from the farthest wards were heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And a wild stream of fugitives dashed down each
roaring street.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,
As timbers crashed, and rafters smashed, and roofs
came plunging in.
In vain, like mad artillery, the Assurance engines went;
The Phœnix hose was bootless now, the County, and
the Kent.

The scalding stream of blazing oil from many a store
came forth,
And set the shuddering Thames on fire, which hissed
like muddy broth.

And on and on, these roaring flames, untired they bounded still,
On Saffron's craggy height they glowed, on Holborn's rocky hill.
Till proud St. Pulcher's fame went down (the living's Mr. Dale's),—
Till Marlborough House no longer stood to wait the Prince of Wales,—
Till Abd el Kader's champion fled, his name and mission Vane,
(And Holderness will hold its tongue on my affairs again),—
Till twelve fair counties saw St. Paul's one blaze of lurid light,—
Till flames enwrapped thy new Exchange, and breezes blew it, Tite,—
Till such a gorgeous glow to Heaven the ruined City sent,
The Queen looked out from Windsor's halls, and wondered what it meant;—
Till England saw her glory sink in London's funeral pile,
And owned Invasion was no Sham — and so did Tom Carlyle!

My Uncle.

WHO gave to France her liberty,
And all the many blessings she
Enjoys (of course, including me)?
My Uncle!

Who taught that all were made for one,
And blood of millions caused to run
For—p'r'aps the best expression's—fun?
My Uncle!

Who shot young Enghien in a ditch,
To bone his lands and chattels—which
He left his nephew to enrich?
My Uncle!

Who, when his troops at Jaffa lay,
Proposed to poison such, they say,
As, being sick, were in the way?
My Uncle!

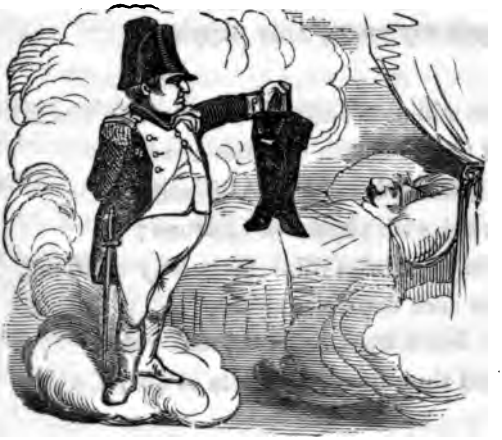
Who, for a second wife inclined,
Said his first marriage didn't bind—
(A dodge I mean to bear in mind)?
My Uncle!

Who, with a mind extremely great,
Used to decide affairs of state
By cards and Fairburn's *Book of Fate?*
My Uncle!

Who took eight hundred thousand men
To starve and freeze in Russia; then,
Leaving them there, came home again?
My Uncle!

Who taught me how to gag the press,
And soap the army to excess,
To get me out of any mess?
My Uncle!

Whose precepts taught me, as I grew,
To govern France; from whom I knew,
In short, how easy 'twas to *do?*
My Uncle!



The Lay of the Strasbourg Coup.

The following poem contains the true history of the Strasbourg affair. I can afford to be frank; but Baluchard's statement as to the boots is erroneous. They were regularly redeemed. The duplicate is preserved in Madame Tussaud's Napoleon Gallery in Baker-street. —*Note by the Poet.*

FRENCHMEN! slaveys! crouch and listen,
Grovel down before your master,
While he sings, in saddest stanzas,
All about a drear disaster.
Turn your cuffs up o'er your sleeves there!
Get your paws all clear for clapping;

Dread will be his fate who's caught
  Upon my poetry slily napping.

Those who don't admire my verses,
  (If there be such tasteless men),
Shall, for their want of Attic salt, be
  Dosed with pepper of Cayenne;
While those who think them only middling,
  For each depreciated line,
Shall live a week on bread and water,
  And tip a hundred francs of fine.

Sixteen years are past and gone
  Since, living as a refugee
Among the Alps, those donkey Swiss
  Were *bêtes* enough to shelter me.
But now they'll catch it!—wait a bit!—we're
  Cooking up their humble pie;
And see the Wagner we will send them,
  My friends the Austrians and I.

Sixteen years are passed and over
  Since one night I dreamed a dream,
And saw my Uncle stand before me,
  Glorious in the rushlight's gleam;
Since I heard his voice like thunder,
  (That's the simile which suits,

Although 'twas clogged by snuff and pathos),
Say, "Here, my boy, accept my boots!"

Thereon he flung them sternly from him,
And frowning an Imperial frown,
Assumed my pair, and grimly whispered,
"At last I tread old Blucher down.
For you, put on the boots I leave you;
They are the old Imperial Jacks,
With which the French love to be tickled
Beneath the small of all their backs.

"Take up my mission, O my nephew!
For that's the title which you bear—
We won't discuss your right at present;
In fact, that's neither here nor there.
'Tis a wise child that knows its father,
Or so I've often heard 'em say;
And you're not wise, my nephew Louis,
In that or any other way.

"But take my mission. Teach to France
Idées Napoléoniennes;
And send the dunces, slow of learning,
To try the marshes of Cayenne.
And mind to stand nor speech nor journal;
The fluent tongue, the ready pen,

Are worse for us than poisoned poignards:
Send all such gaillards to Cayenne.

"Put on my boots and be successful;
I'll look up* and see you dance
A regular carmagnole of power
Over our well-beloved France.
By the hospital of Jaffa,
By him who died in stern Vincennes,
We'll kick again a famous game up
In France, in Algiers, and Cayenne."

The vision sped; and, ere the grey dawn
Half had brightened into day,
I was on my road to Strasbourg,
All in the diligence *coupé*.
Arrived, I saw a little shoe-black,
Out to him I held a foot;
He fell right into blue convulsions
As he beheld the Emperor's boot.

Recovering then, he said, "I pray you,
Whatsoever man you be,
Let me black his hallowed Jack-boot
Free from all reward or fee!

* "Down," in the original; but the expression in the text was deemed the most probable reading.—*Translator*.

Am I not a Frenchman—*diable!*
  Cash from you! My heart would rue it.
May I brush?" The plan was cheap,
  And so I kindly let him do it.

So next I *stole* to Colonel Vaudrey's
  (Ha, by the way, that verb is rum);
It somehow sets my fingers itching
  To clasp a juicy Orleans Plum!
The word's an awkward one—I own it;
  But all my friends can plainly see
That theft is but a stroke of state-craft,
  When sanctified by a decree.

I found the Colonel coolly shaving;
  I said, "I am the Emperor's heir,
I come to claim my rightful kingdom;
  You haven't such a thing to spare
As just a regiment, foot or horsemen?
  I'm simply here to conquer France;
So take your *petit verre* and coffee,
  I'm anxious to begin at once."

The Colonel stared, and stammered slowly,
  "That project, Monsieur, hardly suits."
I simply laid my legs before him,
  And pointed to my Uncle's boots.

He gazed—he started back—he knew them!
"Oh, pardon, Prince, my impious scoff!"
But, ere I could upraise the Colonel,
He'd fairly kissed the blacking off.

"My regiment! Ay, Prince! every regiment
That's quartered now in Strasbourg here.
I swear it by the Strasbourg sausage,
I swear it by the Strasbourg beer!
Where is the basely recreant Frenchman,
Who wouldn't gladly go to pot,
Unheeding why, unasking wherefore,—
If only *à propos des bottes?*"

So out we sallied—sallied wildly
Out into the barrack-yard,
As drums, ra-ta-ta-tooing loudly,
Proclaimed the changing of the guard.
Then, fast at Vaudrey's pealing summons,
Out, out the soldiers buzzed like bees
(Bees, my Uncle's favourite insects);
Vaudrey shouted, "Stand at ease!"

And so the serried line formed deftly,
Warriors true as mainspring steel;
While eager ran the whispered question,
"*Dis donc, sais-tu, qu'y a-t-il?*"

Vaudrey paused; and then advancing,
Took me proudly by the hand,
While they raised my trousers fully
From the boots, by his command!

"Soldiers, listen! Frenchmen, listen!
Vive les gloires—les gloires de France!
Behold the Nephew of his Uncle,
Awaken up as from a trance!
Hail him, soldiers, by the token
Of two hands behind a back;
Hail him by the boots you see, there,
The regular old Imperial Jack."

Then I plucked from out my pocket
The figure of a cockatoo,
Which once I sculptured from a fagot
For want of better work to do.
"Soldiers!" cried I, "see! behold me
All my Uncle's oaths renew;"
And I raised my cap to heaven,
And I kissed the cockatoo.

"Soldiers, see the Imperial Eagle!
Mark its hooked and pointed beak!
There's no saying what 'twould tell us
If that bill could only speak.

Take the Bird of Glory, soldiers,
  Stick to it like wax or glue!"
Then, right amid the roaring ranks,
  I pitched the *quasi* cockatoo,

Up to the heavens above as pealed a
  Shout which cannons' roar would drown;
The shout which Frenchmen raise whenever
  You talk of *gloire*, and do them brown.
Ah! how I laughed within my sleeve, as
  Not a man of all the lot
But shouted out like Toole or Stentor,
  "*Nous suivrons à la mort tes Bottes.*"

And crawling lowly to my feet, they
  Kissed the leather into holes;
They kissed the toes, they kissed the heels,
  They tripped me up and kissed the soles.
They raised me on their brawny arms,
  "You're up," they cried, "no more to drop!"
When, rushing through the noisy squadrons,
  A grimy person shouted "Stop!"

I knew him well, that grimy person,
  He said, "My name is Baluchard;
I'm a *cordonnier et bottier*,
  And my address is on my card.

As for these boots which you are kissing,
What! they Imperial? *Sacré bleu!*
They're not the seven-leagued boots in which the
Emperor cut from Waterloo!

"*Non, nom de Dieu!* 'twas I myself made
These here boots for that there gent.
And what did he do next but pop 'em
To pay his bill for beer and rent!
I 'spose the broker's man has lent 'em
On such security as suits;
But that's the only sense in which that
Chap now wears his Uncle's boots.

That vile *cordonnier*, alas!
He marred the soldiers' pure devotion;
But as I never paid his bill, why
He took nothing by his motion;
Save that, indeed, since then I've heard,
That, having rashly tried to weave a
Complot 'gainst the Elect of France,
He's now in chains in Nooka Hiva.

But need I, Frenchmen, any further
Chant this melancholy tale?
Like one who'd prigged what wasn't his'n,
They lugged me off to Strasbourg gaol.

They took me next to —— Ha! what see I?
All my audience sound asleep!
Ho! call De Maupas! call De Morny!
I'll give these rascals lodgings cheap!

Ho, Maupas! Morny! take my gensdarmes,
My Chasseurs de Vincennes if best,
Arrest these sleeping traitors round you,
And pack 'em in a trice to Brest.
And telegraph, too, for a frigate;
Aboard that rabble rout you'll pen;
Then see she does not lose a tide
In sailing for their home—Cayenne!

In Memoriam. Judæ Iscariotti.

OBIIT A. D. 1.

The touching piety which has induced the Prince to devote a leisure hour or two to the memory of this remarkable man needs no praise of *ours*.—*Translator*.

I.

IF one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst come to life once more
And northward from the Syrian shore
Wert bent to be my guest at court;

And I should meet the coming prow,
And hail thy advent o'er the flood—
The memory of the Field of Blood
Still red and radiant round thy brow;

And I should make a noble feast,
And ask an English swell or two,
A Tory jester—moneyed Jew—
To meet thee, and a Spanish priest;

And if we two did ever range,
In friendly speech by flood and fell,
And chatted of the news—ah, well!
It would be jolly, though 'twere strange!

II.

'Tis well—'tis something—we can't stand
Where Judas in the earth is laid,
But from his pattern may be made
Our conduct to our native land.

He joined the high-priests—so do I;
He took the money—it is true;
He was a very noble DO,
And planned his treasons on the sly.

He hung himself on gallows-tree—
He gently swung in Potters' Field,
And blessed crop that spot must yield
Of gracious memories to me.

My Judas, whom I hope to see,
When my last treason has been done,
Dear as the rowdy to the dun,
More than my bottle is to me!

A Pensive Thought.

The reader will discern, in a poem or two of this class, that the Prince occasionally composes *next morning*. But, alas! (as he has been heard to remark) Remorse is incurable by soda-water.—*Translator.*

AH, LIBERTY! how like thou art
To this large bottle lying here,
Which yesterday from foreign mart,
Came filled with potent English beer!

A touch of steel—a hand—a gush—
A pop that sounded far and near—
A wild emotion—liquid rush—
And I had drunk that English beer!

And what remains?—An empty shell!
A lifeless form both sad and queer,
A temple where no god doth dwell—
The simple memory of beer!

A Model Poetic Decree.

I expect speedily to put the following decree in execution. It is the only means left for the safety of France. My uncle meditated it. The scheme is grand, and was one of his favourite *Idées Napoléoniennes*. I invoke his Manes. I consider that he is looking down upon me with the Forty Centuries, who were fond of doing that sort of thing. To him, then, I inscribe my Model Poetic Decree.—*Note by Poet.*

IN the Great Republic's name,—
That is,—in all which she can claim
Of the thing the word implies,
And quite enough, too, in my eyes:
CONSIDERING—That I am her Master,
That every day I bind her faster,
Add a rope or screw a fetter—
Jack Ketch himself could not do better:
CONSIDERING—Now that France is gagged
And deafened—blinded,—fairly bagged;
That not a sheep beneath the knife
More unresisting yields its life:

CONSIDERING—If complaint be made,
The answer is a fusillade;
That all who dare wag tongue or pen
Will shortly wag them in Cayenne:
CONSIDERING, too—Ahem!—in fine,
That France belongs to me and mine;
That from their cradles to their graves
I mean to make the French my slaves,—
To work and sweat them just like niggers,
By grace of brass and Minié triggers:
I THUS DECREE—That all the cash,
From brightsome gold to copper trash,
From billets for ten thousand francs
Drawn on the very tip-top banks,
In due gradation strictly down
To what the English call a "brown,"
Which forms our common currency,
From this time forth belongs to me!
All persons, therefore, holding tin,
Will straightway please to pay it in;
And if a stamped receipt be wanted,
It will at once be signed and granted:
Because—as I need hardly say—
I like the good straightforward way.
Having thus proved my legal right
To all the Naps and crowns so bright,

It follows that that right extends
Down even to mere odds and ends;
And all you hear, touch, taste, or see,
Belongs in the same way to me.
At the same time my generous heart
Inclines me ever to impart:
And therefore, by free deed of gift
('Tis practice of uncommon thrift
Which to be generous me enables),
I give you all your chairs and tables,
And all, in fact, which people fix
In the generic term of "sticks;"
Your working and your Sunday suits,
Your coats, your hats, your socks, your boots,
Your plates for dinner-parties gay,
Your glass to give them *eau sucrée*.
But still the favour, I must state,
Does not extend from plates to plate:
Those who use plated spoons may want 'em,
And graciously at once we grant 'em;
But those who've got ones which will spout
Must look alive and fork them out;
Because, to make my ends advance,
I've need of all the Spoons in France.
To M. MAUPAS I entrust
The task of picking up the dust,

In confidence that not a *sou*
Could ever slip his fingers through,
And that his useful magpie glance
Will beam on every spoon in France.
DONE, SIGNED, and SEALED this very day,
At the Palace of the Elysée.

L. N.

Louis Napoleon's Address to his Army.

The elder Napoleon was a great admirer of Ossian, whose works he read frequently (in the original). It is possible that his nephew, considering some taste for Scottish poetry necessary, that nothing might be wanted to complete his resemblance to his illustrious predecessor, has taken a few lessons in Burns. The striking similarity between the above song and a well-known one by that poet would certainly lead to this supposition. His relationship to the Marchioness of Douglas may have also had something to do with it.—*Translator.*

GUARDS! who at Smolensko fled—
No—I beg your pardon—bled!
For my Uncle blood you 've shed,
Do the same for me.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
Heads to split and streets to scour;
Strike for rank, promotion, power,
Sawg, and *eau de vie.*

Who's afraid a child to kill?
Who respects a shopman's till?

Who would pay a tailor's bill?
Let him turn and flee.

Who would burst a goldsmith's door,
Shoot a dun, or sack a store?
Let him arm, and go before—
That is, follow me!

See the mob, to madness riled,
Up the barricades have piled;
In amongst them, man and child,
Unrelentingly!

Shoot the men! there's scarcely one
In a dozen got a gun;
Stop them, if they try to run,
With artillery!

Shoot the boys! each one may grow
Into—of the state—a foe
(Meaning by the state, you know,
My supremacy!)

Shoot the girls and women old!
Those may bear us traitors bold—
These may be inclined to scold
Our severity.

Sweep the streets of all who may
Rashly venture in the way,
Warning for a future day
Satisfactory.

Then, when still'd is ev'ry voice,
We, the nation's darling choice,
Calling on them to rejoice,
Tell them, FRANCE IS FREE.

The Ballad of True Thomas.

SHOWING WHAT THE EMPEROR MEANS TO DO TO A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN WHEN OPPORTUNITY OFFERS.

The Translator has found some difficulty in preserving the free and easy rhythm of the original of this ballad. Its story appears to refer to a wrathful demonstration made in December last, by the Elysée, against Thomas F——, Esq., the acute and spirited correspondent of one of the London newspapers. The gloomy foreboding of vengeance at the end receives additional weight from the circumstance, that among the ancestors of the gentleman is numbered the nobleman whose last dying and classical speech is recorded in the ballad. All the Translator will add is, that if the sagacious individual in question should "lose his head," it will be for the first time in his life.

"GOOD gracious, gallant Thomas,
What dost thou at the dance?
And dost not know that thou must go
Incontinent from France?

"Dost not believe me, Thomas?
Dost think I jest with thee?

Then read, I pray, what l'Elysée
Declares in *La Patrie.*

"Because the *Morning Chronicle*
(Whereof thou art the scribe)
Smart wipes has lent the President
In many a diatribe,

"No longer on the Boulevard
Thy household gods shall lodge—
De Morny swears, ere morning peers,
His spies thy steps shall dodge.

"So, leave thy partner in the dance,
And leave the bright champagne,
And where a board is marked DU NORD
Start by the earliest train."

Laughed out the gallant Thomas,
Who laughs both loud and free,
So that's the nice and bold advice
Monsieur would offer me!

"But when I stoop to take it
The gods my life may stop—
Madame, we'll pour one goblet more,
And join the next *galop.*

"I fear nor spy nor soldier,
I fear nor chains nor cell,
De Morny's phrases may go to blazes,
And he may go—as well."

Then danced the gallant Thomas,
That knight so true and bold,
And he sang and laughed, and the rich wine quaffed,
Like any good monk of old.

But when the night was waning
He clomb his turret stair,
And barred his door, and an oath he swore,
No *mouchard* should enter there.

And a stern scroll he indited,
"How the President" (that's me)
"Strove hour by hour for greater power,
By force and by perjury.

"How it well behoved the nations
To mind their respective eyes,
For France's Lord (by the Grace of Sword)
Had got his own on a prize."

And he sent that scroll to England;
It was published far and wide,

And upon me brought the fierce onslaught,
Of many a bold broadside.

And I would those fearless writers,
But for the briefest hour,
Would come and stand on France's strand,
Within her Emperor's power.

For Mazas hath its fetters,
And Ham its *oubliettes*,
And none should say that I did not pay
At least *that* kind of debt.

But a good time may be coming,
When, in Palace of Saint James,
Those scribes I'll consign in the Tower to pine,
And their journals to the flames.

And for that gallant Thomas,
Who dared my wrath defy,
I've a rod in pickle, with which I'll tickle
His toby by and bye.

For he locked him in his turret,
And he kept his gate well barred,
And a faithful few, who were tried and true,
Served as his body-guard.

They brought him all the stories,
The scandal, and the news,
But I cannot tell how he learned so well
My private aims and views.

But the broadside fire waxed hotter
And fiercer every day,
And the vials of wrath were emptied forth
Upon the Elysée.

But I never could catch True Thomas
To serve with my sovereign writ,
Whose terms decreed that with instant speed
My kingdom he should quit.

Vainly my spies assailed him,
Not one could ever get in;
None of his tribe would take a bribe,
Though I freely tried the tin.

Porter, and valet, and barber,
On the defensive stood,
And a handful of francs brought nothing but thanks
From the man who carried the wood.

Vainly I tried to trick him,—
Sent tradesmen by the score;

Nay, a sweet *grisette* as ever you met
  Turned pouting from his door.

And the broadside fire waxed hotter
  And hotter every day,
And the vials of wrath were emptied forth
  Upon the Elysée.

And to batter my foeman's portal
  With the butt of a soldier's gun,
And without pretence to drag him thence,
  Was what I would have done.

But there are three cursed words
  To English lips that come,
Which check the course of a despot's force,—
  CIVIS ROMANUS SUM.

So, considering antecedents,
  Considering this and that,
And *con* and *pro*, and "yes" and "no,"
  And the minding what one's at;

I revoked the former order
  Given from the Elysée,
And being in doubt if he *would* go out,
  Resolved that I'd let him stay.

So we snubbed the wretched scribbler
  Who edited *La Patrie*,
And made him state (the helpless *bête!*)
  That he'd written erroneously;

That the paragraph in question
  (Which he wrote beneath my eyes)
He had ventured to take under some mistake,
  For which he'd apologise.

So at present the gallant Thomas
  Says what he likes of me,
And freely uses whatever he chooses
  From the mass of the day's *on dits*.

But "there's a good time coming,"
  Says the English bard Mackay,
And by and bye True Thomas and I
  May perhaps have a word to say.

On the hill of London's Tower
  A scaffold once arose,
And beneath three whacks of a headsman's axe
  The Brunswick lost three foes.

One of the lords who suffered,
  As the axe glittered o'er him,

Said (in the story), "PRO PATRIA *mori*
Est dulce et decorum."

When glides a stern procession
Down the Rue Rivoli,
And in the van a gloomy man
Whom Paris quails to see;

When to the Place of Concord
The armed avengers march,
And form a square, enclosing there
The headsman's awful Arch;

When all the massed spectators
Give shudder as of one,
And hold their breath to see the death
That instant to be done;

When in the morning sunshine
Glitters the weighted knife,
And with dead clank the falling plank
Sounds the grim knell of life;

When, ere the signal's given
To draw the fatal pin,
With mercy's haste a journal's placed
Beneath the culprit's chin;

When, lying on the scaffold,
That culprit pale hath eyed
In *La Patrie* (preserved by me)
The order he defied;

Then I shall be rejoiced to learn
If his opinion be,
That *dulce aut decorum est*
Mori pro LA PATRIE.

"M. P." and the "Englishman."

I have amused my leisure hours in adapting from the *Times* the correspondence between "M. P." (an excellent fellow) and "The Englishman," relative to the fete at the Elysée. The following is a tolerably fair version of the letters which passed, and no one can miss seeing how M. P. absolutely smashes his unhappy opponent. The pith, the nerve, and vigour of his lines, stand out in singular contrast to the weak and pointless effusions of his victim. The Englishman taking up his pen againt M. P., is like Belgium arming against France; or Tom Thumb challenging my old London friend, "Deaf Burke." But the reader shall judge for himself.—*Note by Poet.*

THE ENGLISHMAN.

I WOULDN'T with a tyrant dine,
I wouldn't drink his perjured wine;
The soup would have a taste of blood,
And mingled clots of Paris mud.
I swear, by all beneath the moon,
I wouldn't use a pilfered spoon;
Engraved in front to Louis' mind,
And sculptured "Orleans" behind.

I'd think that in the smoking meat
I saw the slaughter of the street;
I'd think that e'en the bright champagne
Smacked of the League of Satt'ry plain;
And every dish would seem a token
Of oaths betrayed, and pledges broken;
And every dainty morsel brought
Would choke me—sticking in my throat.

M. P.

Oh, la! oh, la! Now, on my wowd
You're weally wude—it's quite absuwd!
You couldn't, weally, now be
Weceived in good society,
What *is* a man who's *comme il faut*,
And quite wemoved fwom all that's low,
Like you and persons of that sort,
To do when he weceives, in short,
A gwacious note like that of mine,
To ask me with a Prince to dine?

ENGLISHMAN.

From dining with a lawful Prince,
For one, I'm not the man to wince;
But with a Prince like yours to dine,
There's poison in the meat and wine:

A moral poison, keen and subtle,
In every dish—in every bottle.
Look at him, as he sits and bobs,
His dinner baits for crawling snobs;
And as the things come fawning in,
He reckons up his kith and kin;
And counts the slavish-minded sinners
Who barter English truth for dinners.

M. P.

Oh, la! oh, la! You're quite too hawd,
I'll positively send my cawd;
A fwiend of mine shall on you call,
I think—that is, I know—that's all.

ENGLISHMAN.

I hope your friend won't come till late,
As I'd as well lock up the plate;
But when he does—your honoured friend
Shall bear this message back—"Attend.
Attempt henceforward, if you can,
To be an English gentleman;
Did Milton not his country give
The task to teach the world to live;
And shall we crawl with courtier sneak,
And honied words all deftly speak,

About a reft and ill-won throne,
From which all noble things have flown?
Which in its ruthless power stands,
Upheld by purchased brigand bands,
By men who write its daily lies,
By men who act its daily spies?
No, let us save from such disgrace
The meanest of our English race;
And thunder, over land and sea,
Whoe'er are slaves, that WE ARE FREE!"

My Mission and its Sign.

MY Uncle had a symbol,
And a warning, and a sign:
Did not the Star of Austerlitz
Above his cocked-hat shine?
And did he not profoundly trust
In omens and in dreams?
You can buy his book of "Oracles,"
In Holywell Street, by reams.

And even as my Uncle
Had his symbol and his sign,
I, also, as his nephew,
Have a little one of mine.
'Tis not a star or comet,
With a tail so bright and long,
But it's easier to swallow,—
'Tis, in fact, a *saucisson*.

Old Time has flown along,
Through many a busy year,
Since I supped in Strasbourg town
On sausages and beer;
With comrades stanch around me,
Sworn to conquer or to die,
Then I took the fattest sausage,
And I raised it to the sky;

And my comrades knelt about,
A-weeping in their beer,
As I cried, "My friends, the sceptre
That will govern France is here!
The sausages of Strasbourg
Have been famed since days of old;
They'll give us strength to strike the blow,
And beer will make us bold!"
Again, when at Boulogne-sur-Mer
I watched, with eager glance,
My Eagle soar above me,
To prove my claim to France;
"Bird of omen," cried I, "soar
To the Empyrean top!"
But it didn't, and alighted
At the nearest sausage shop.

And its noble eye-balls gleamed
With Imperial pride around,

And it singled out the sausages
At fifteen sous per pound:
And with tearing beak and claw
It at once commenced to dine,

And so I saw the omen,
And I recognized the sign.
And yet, once more again,
But the omen now was kind,—
I watched it upon Sattory
Where the *chasseurs d'Afrique* dined;
Where, after the review,
They squatted on the plain,
And washed down sausages with—hem!
With what they called champagne.

The wine was all my eye,
And its sole result to make
The stomachs of my *chasseurs*
Confoundedly to ache:
But the sausage did its duty,
And the sausage made them mine:
I bought the whole French army—
The guards, the guides, the line.

I bought them with my sausage,
My omen and my star,

Which will crown the future empire
With more than *toutes les gloires:*
For I never was mistaken,
I've a mission to perform;
And the Sausage of the Empire
Will weather every storm.

The Story of the Coup d'Etat.

COME, listen, all comrades so jolly,
Whose pimples show more than their scars,
My story will prove you the folly
Of common-place makers of wars:
Such fellows, as hard as their sabres,
Rush into the thick of the fray;
But to leave all the blows for your neighbors
Is much the more sensible way.
Yes, my war against Paris illustrates
A fact I feel deeply within,—
That a General should, like a sausage,
Be kept in a very whole skin!

My Star—that's the Dog!—had been glowing,
And made my fate simmer like fun;
I felt, as the summer was going,
That something must shortly be done;

I felt, as the autumn was going,
That I ought to mimic its frown,
And do as the autumn was doing—
By doing my countrymen brown.
Yes, how different now were my prospects,
Since the days of old Leicester Square flat,
When, so far from a crown for my noddle,
I'd scarcely a crown to my hat!

Now, obstacles truly existed,
To face them I never was loath;
The first little thing that resisted
My project, I think, was my oath:
But as o'er a church there's a steeple,
A Prince above churches must rank,—
So I washed down my oath to the people
With wine got by tapping their Bank.
Yes, the people should pay their expenses,
Should find their own chains, boys, that's flat;
A people's an edible creature,
That's roasted best in its own fat.

So, soon, I fell ill,—'tis my maxim,
When I'm busy; I suffer from ills—
The good people think, ere I whacks 'em,
I'm not busy with bullets, but pills.

While *their* blood's just ready for letting,
They talk of the blood to my head,
And pity *my* case while *they're* getting
A slight preparation of lead.
I'm like Socrates' gaoler; his victim
To Physic's god offering up
Was busy,—the sensible gaoler
Kept quietly mixing the cup.

And now went on great preparation.
I took, as I planned the campaign,
From a gent of a neighboring nation*
A hint to stop Liberty's reign,—
To steal on the victim while sleeping,
To plant a firm knee on her chest,
A grasp at her throat strongly keeping,—
And off she would go to her rest!
Drink to BURKE, then, who "died on the scaffold,"
Like Sidney and other great men.
We'll drink it in full-brimming glasses—
We'll drink it again and again!

To keep up the pluck of my fighters
I hit on an excellent plan
(Though blamed, by the people called writers,
Like Judas—that much-injured man);

* The late Mr. BURKE of Edinburgh.

I summoned them—oh sight-inspiring!
And having some funds at the banks,
With the cartridges, ready for firing,
I served out small bundles of francs.
You know 'twas an old superstition,
Certain lives precious bullets require;
And in Paris you're safest to murder
If francs you give soldiers to fire.

The drama progressed. We were ready,
Three hundred thousand or so,—
Not a tremble! Collected and steady,
We moved towards the terrible foe.
O Mars! what great fame I was reaping,—
What a night that, when all were at peace,
And I seized, while most tranquilly sleeping,
Those gentlemen—by the Police!
The Peeler's my Priest of Religion!
Your statesmen and warriors, both
He pinned, as a hawk does a pigeon,
As easy as—breaking an oath.

And now came the time of the slaughter,—
The city awoke to its shame,
As I to the bright soda-water,
Which serves me instead of the same.
"Sound the trumpet!" I cried (from my chamber),
"*En avance!*" (from an Elysée room),

"For Order shall soon reign in Paris,—
"The order, that is, of the tomb!"
Crack! Say, did you ever see pebbles
Strike smart on the face of a flood?
We rattled the lead 'mong the rebels,
To stir up the popular mud!

Oh many a very fine fellow
Those brilliant days will remember!
And many a Red was made yellow,
Those brilliant days of December!
And many a wife who resented
Her François' great *penchant* to roam,
Now knows what it was that prevented
Poor François from coming back home!
Ah, ha! 'twas a wonderful lark,
(As they say in a neighboring nation),
To think of the chaps after dark
Carried stark and stiff off to the station!

The neighing of horses—the dashing—
The gleaming of sabres—the rattle—
The white-wreathing smoke, and the clashing
Of arms,—the wild humors of battle;
The stray shot that brings down a stranger—
The last grim despair that he utters—
The shrieking of women in danger—
The quick stream of blood in the gutters!

O soul of my Uncle! whose glory
Is proved by some million of tombs;
The details of this beautiful story
I learned in the Elysée's rooms!

Religion, of course, was a gainer;
For every person of sense
Observes that the priestly retainer
Of Rome made a harvest of pence.
For while I disposed of the asses
Who fought for their rights and their laws,
The priests, by the money for masses,
Drew gold from the beautiful cause.
Sweet incense with smoke of gunpowder
Thus mixes,—to both be the praise;
And sweeter for ever, and louder,
The fame of the *Coup d'Etat* days!

Boulogne upon the Sea.

This is also the true account of the Boulogne invasion, as the other ballad was of the Strasbourg *coup*. I have ascertained that the bird sold me as an eagle was a stained goose, with a false beak and claws. This accounts for the comparative failure of the expedition. —*Note by Poet.*

COME, draw the window-curtains—
Shut out the glaring sun,
And ring for Hock and Eau de Seltz.
I see the bottle's done—
I feel, as 'twere, in pieces,
And half begin to think
The worst of power is, after all,
That it enables you to call
For what you like to drink.

I'd rather not be bothered—
If any of the men
Should call who my decrees inspect,

The faults of spelling to correct,
They'd better call again.
I shan't get up this morning—
Induce me nothing could—
Unless some wise and honest men
Should want their passports to Cayenne,
And then, of course, I would.

Sit down (oh! here's the Seltzer—
The corkscrew's on the shelf,)
Let's see? I want to be amused—
The only topic not up-used
Is talking of myself.
Therefore, my friend, be patient,
And lend your ears to me,
Whilst I relate the scheme, laid deep
(You'll catch it if you go to sleep),
To capture—with a monster sweep—
Boulogne upon the Sea!

'Twas in the sultry August,
When London town was full,
In hate I fed and fattened
Upon the base Sir Bull,—
I ate his loathsome dinners,
I drank his loathsome wine,
In quantities (to make him rue

The base-won field of Waterloo)—
When asked by him to dine.

His loathsome wine was brandied
With burning *eau de vie*
(Wrung from the honest Frenchman's stores),
And took effect on me.
It fired me to exertion,
And from its native mud,
Whose stagnant sloth has aye been such
As to incur the stigma, "Dutch,"
('Tis one I never relished much,)
Stirred my phlegmatic blood.

Up! said I, let's be doing,
It doesn't matter what,
But any thing (or one) from which
There's something to be got.
I'm a tremendous fellow,
I've said so all along;
I feel the time for coming out
Has come. I'll do it—strong.

This Englishman fatigues us—
And with his craft of old,
Which bought the field of Waterloo
(Our notes of hand he won't renew),

Clings to his cherished gold!
Why stay within his island?
Ere long will come a day
For vengeance of a sterner sort
Than drinking up his hated Port,
Or fleecing him at play!

No! let us to a country
That gives a man a chance—
(My Uncle found it answer!)
The soft and verdant France.
There, stakes that London *croupiers*
Could scarcely dare to name,
And wider fields than Ascot's span,
Less hard to win, invite the man
Who understands his game.

I didn't mine . . . . Where was I?
I don't feel very clear.
Those English Lords were so polite,
Especially the Duke, last night.
I'm—*they* would call it—queer.
Let's see—I know 'twas something,
Of course, concerning me—
(That's plenty! Hock has no effect—
I'll take it neat.) I recollect—
Boulogne upon the Sea!

'Twas in the sultry August—
(I mentioned that before,
I know, but never mind—what then—
Suppose I did, and do again?)
We left the hated shore
Of Margate, the plebeian,
A little after three,
A. M., to seek the place, you know,
Where exiled swindlers always go,—
Boulogne upon the Sea.

We were a chosen party
As ever stemmed the wave,
All bent on making fortunes,
And some on being brave:
Myself, I only reckoned
On making an advance
Towards a post from me long barred,—
In fact, to call and leave my card
As Emperor of France.

So with a chosen party
As ever stemmed the seas—
(What then? I'll say just what I like,
As often as I please!)
Of sharps and flats I started,
Who, equally with me,

Were anxious for a landing at
  Boulogne upon the Sea.

Just fifty-six in number
  Our army stood to view—
'Twas small, but look'd a great deal more
(We'd ev'ry sort of grog in store),
  Each warrior seeming two,
To capture France and rule her!
  To overthrow her king!
Some for our trouble call'd us fools,
  And some the other thing.

Fools! Say, was Cæsar foolish
  For risking, not his own
So much as other people's lives,
  To reach the imperial throne!
Was Bonaparte, my Uncle,
  For spreading war's alarm,
Or Mr. Rush—who human law,
Or life, regarded not a straw—
  To win the Potash Farm?

'Twas in the good ship "Edin."
  Our warlike party made
It's very cheap excursion
  (The bill was never paid).

'Twas in the good ship "Edin."
We spoke of France's wrongs,
And whiled the tedious hours away
With drink and most expensive play,
And most improper songs.

'Twas in the good ship "Edin."
To keep myself awake,
I form'd my ministry, and ask'd
Each man what he would take.
'Twas in the good ship "Edin."
Confused became my head,—
And 'twas in the good ship "Edin."
That they carried me to bed.

'Twas in the good ship "Edin."
(But there's been enough of that),
That a man in green tarpaulin
And a black sou-wester hat,
And a pair of boots like buckets,
That as he walk'd went squash,
Inform'd me—I and all the rest,
As we were near the land, had best
Get up and have a wash.

We did get up, and had it,
And at one another look'd,

And we said the *poulet rôti*
Must have been badly cook'd;
Or the motion of the vessel
'Twas, p'raps, that made things dance;
Some said 'twas the excitement,
And some, the sight of France.

Well, never mind, we landed,
The shore was lined with boys,
And we threatened them with whoppings
If they didn't make a noise,
And shout "Long live the Emp'ror!"
Which as they did with glee,
We address'd them as "the People"
Of Boulogne upon the Sea.

"The People" seem'd to like it—
In fact, to think it fun—
When I shouted, "Bring the Eagle!"
And my royal will was done.
'Twas a bird which I had purchased
From a fancier at Soho
(For three-and-six, and in exchange
A rat-dog troubled with the mange—
'Twas cheap as eagles go.)

Then said I to "the People,"
"My friends, behold the fowl,

Your country's chosen emblem"—
  Here he bit and made me howl.
But I said 'twas but an omen
  Of the nation's choice of me—
In fact 'twas nothing but his play,
And if they'd wait a moment, they
  Should see what they should see.

Then, with "the People" shouting
  With all their youthful might,
We started for the column
  Upon the neighb'ring height.
Alas! you know the story,
  Of our bright hopes the wreck,
The sell upon the column's top,
The eagle and the sausage shop,—
  The beast, I wrung his neck!

Small profit 'twere to dwell on,
  Our undertaking's fall;
Small need to sing the battle,
  That we didn't fight at all;
Small profit 'twere to linger
  Upon the panic odd,
Which seized upon us—how we ran—
My hiding in a bathing van.
One word of all our efforts can
  Tell the sad upshot—quod!

'Twas thus the hopes of Frenchmen
  Were blasted for a while,
Though I mean to tell the story
  In a rather different style.
And when the hist'ry's written,
  As I mean it soon to be,
You'll catch it if you dare let out
A hint of what I said about
  Boulogne upon the Sea.

The Chant of the Spy-Hirer.

[BEING A POETIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE WORKING OF A FAVOURITE IDÉE NAPOLÉONIENNE.]

COME, all the world, and see
A phenomenon in me,
That beats old Argus—he
Of the hundred eyes;
For every eye he had,
That wide-awake old lad,
I've a thousand, not one bad,
In my spies, spies, spies!

In the streets and in the squares,
In the parlors, on the stairs,
In the church, where folks say prayers,
Gleam my eyes, eyes, eyes;
And they glance, and pry, and stare,
With a never-ceasing glare,

Yet a slily candid air,
Do my spies, spies, spies!

In the boxes or the pit,
Where to see the play you sit,
And remark that it has wit,
Or that it's dry, dry, dry;
Why, the man that you address,
And who wails the gagged-up press,
May be neither more nor less
Than my spy, spy, spy!

Give a party when you may,
Upon the festive day,
When the rooms are bright and gay,
And the dancers fly;
Why, your most delightful guest,
In the most stupendous vest,
Is fulfilling my behest,
As a spy, spy, spy!

And the partner whom you ask,
Do you deem her face a mask,
And her gaiety a task—
And her sparkling eye,
A thing which I control,
And which on you I roll,

To read your very soul,
By a spy, spy, spy!

But when in the waltz you twirl,
'Mid the gay and giddy whirl,
To draw you out, that girl,
Don't she try, try, try?
And if she chance to see
The least disrespect to me,
Why, quodded soon you'll be,
By my spy, spy, spy!

And there's old and white-haired fogies,
Whom you wouldn't think such roguies,
But who're regular Old Bogies
On the sly, sly, sly!
Who, with youthful dandies gay,
At ball, and church, and play,
Work each man for the pay
Of a spy, spy, spy!

Yes, the mistress whom you press to,
And the priest whom you confess to,
And the friend who stands the best too,
In your eyes, eyes, eyes;
And the servant whom you hire,
And the genius you admire,

And the bore of whom you tire,
Are my spies, spies, spies!

By their eyes and by their ears
De Maupas sees and hears,
Every sight and sound he fears,
As they rise, rise, rise;
So we spread distrust and doubt
Like poison-drops about,
And thus rule the rabble rout
By our spies, spies, spies!

The Battle of the Boulevard.

ON Paris, when the sun was low,
The gay 'Comique' made goodly show,
Habitués crowding every row
To hear Limnandier's opera.

But Paris showed another sight,
When, mustering in the dead of night,
Her masters stood, at morning's light,
The crack *chasseurs* of Africa.

By servants in my pay betrayed,
Cavaignac, then, my prisoner made,
Wrote that a circumstance delayed
His marriage rite and revelry.

Then shook small Thiers, with terror riven;
Then stormed Bedeau, while gaol-ward driven;
And, swearing (not alone by Heaven),
Was seized bold Lamoricière.

But louder rose the voice of woe
When soldiers sacked each cit's dèpôt,
And tearing down a helpless foe,
Flashed Magnan's red artillery.

More, more arrests! Changarnier brave
Is dragged to prison like a knave:
No time allowed the swell to shave,
Or use the least perfumery.

'Tis morn, and now Hortense's son
(Perchance her spouse's, too) has won
The imperial crown. The French are done,
Chawed up most incontestably.

Few, few shall write, and none shall meet;
Suppressed shall be each journal-sheet;
And every serf beneath my feet
Shall hail the soldier's Emperor.

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